Birdy "Cookie Cutter Kid"

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Telling you it's your life, like it's patronising advice
You don't take heed, your conscience feeds off of
being above those needs
1-2-3-4 open the door, gotta be living one level above
the basment floor
Your mind is slack, your brain is black
Open all hours for the next attack
You'll never see me, you wanna be me
I'm the spirit of taking it easy
You on conveyer, nothing to say
I wouldn't think of you in my last prayer
Too much thought to achieve
So you puff and you wheeze
A walking example, your income is ample
But you've got fuck all to sample

Whatcha gonna do, whatcha want to do Look at what you did Don't be a cookie cutter kid

Don't turn out like your parents You're being watched on 24 hour surveillance Keep your thoughts to yourself Or you'll be living your life on the national health A brand new car, you'll go far Every second kid in a burger bar You got a mclife, you'll get a mcwife Killing you softly with the kitchen knife But it's gotta be said that it's up to you To your ideals always remain true When they tell you to change your mind True belief I will hope you find Never believe what the papers say There never was any good old days They tell you lies, you don't ask twice Always at war with the other side Picure of happiness with your mobile phone Status symbol for the great unknown, Be afraid of yourself, 'cos nobody else Will ever give a second to the nothing that fell

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